

Bindt

I am sorry to disappoint you,
gentle-
men, you have made a
mistake.—I
was not dead, but fast asleep.

Second Bearer

I admire this fellow's
impudence.
Not only must he die, but
argue.

Third Bearer

He won't confess the truth.
Let us
go, and finish the rites of the
dead.

Bindt

I swear by your beard, my
brother,
I am as alive as any of you,
[They take him away,
laughing,

Sanyasi

The girl has fallen asleep,
with her
arm beneath her little head j,
T think